

Growing Up- A Hime-chan no Ribbion Fanfic

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Summary: Himeko Nonohara is now 23, but has she really grown up?

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>From: "R. D. Beaubien" <beaubird@uvic.ca>
To: beaubird@mail.anime.usacomputers.net

>Subject: [FFML] [Hime-chan's] Hime-chan's No Ribbon Short Fic (fwd)

>

>Richard Beaubien Presents

>A Hime-chan's no Ribbon Short Fic

>Growing Up

>*****

> It was a cool fall Sunday afternoon, with the sun shining through
the window in an attempt to provide heat to the room. The light itself

>glistened off the table, where their was room to glisten that is. The
table itself was mostly covered with lose papers and other remnants of

>stuff that suggested the desk was in constant (though not organized) use.
Only one corner of the desk seemed to be in proper order, and it contained

>a family picture, a stuffed lion, and a slightly worn red ribbon.

> A small sigh could be heard as the door slowly opened to reveal
a young 23 year old girl drying her hair with a towel. With a rather loud

>sigh Nonohara Himeko jumped onto her bed, and began to stare at the
ceiling, her long hair spread all over the pillow. She smirked to herself,

>the decision to grow her hair long had certainly lead to many problems,
one of them being hair care. But then it also created

many good things
>too, one of them being that she absolutely looked stunning with long hair.
If there was any doubt that the young tomboy would ever grow into a woman
>they were certainly put to rest when she met Himeko today. Even
Hibano-san was startled by her looks, and that caused Himeko to grin.
>
 But it was a Sunday, and since Himeko was planning to spend most
>of the day indoors cleaning up from her recent move which meant neatness
in the hair department was not required. After all she had to finish the
>moving job she started last week. Of course that could be done after a few
minutes of napping on the bed. Which was certainly well within the plans
>of Himeko for this day. She laughed and turned over again, this time to
face the window and the light that glistened off the desk and it's
>contents. One region in particular seemed to shine brighter than the most,
it was the region with the stuffed doll and the ribbon.

>
 It was the area of the desk that held Pokota.
>
 For awhile Himeko just stared into the eye's of the stuffed doll
>on the desk, and even though it's gaze remained the same as when she first
picked up (as far as Himeko could remember, her memories were a bit foggy
>as to when she picked up Pokota) she almost felt as if the eye's held a
bit of anticipation to them. A growing anticipation, almost as if it wanted
>to talk to Himeko. Himeko almost laughed at that thought, a talking
stuffed animal was something kids believed in. It was almost as silly as
>believing in a magic kingdom, flying broom and a ribbon that could turn
you into another person. Himeko once believed in these things when she was
>a kid, back when she was going to school with Hibano-san and I-chan,
having classes with Gouri-sensei, and going to school with Daichi.
>
 Himeko frowned at that thought, it was when Daichi moved away that
>she started to grow up. At first he moved to another district in Tokyo
when they were still in junior high. But somehow they kept their
>relationship kept together, as Daichi somehow commuted to school so
they could still be together. After they were destined to be together, or
>so Himeko thought after visiting the future. Of course visiting the future
isn't possible, and Daichi and Himeko weren't destined to be together.
>
 It had all started with Daichi moving really, Himeko remembered.
>It was when he moved that Himeko started to grow up. It was when
they were 17, and Daichi suddenly moved to Osaka. It wasn't really
>his fault, and his father really couldn't pass up the job as a police
chief. They tried to stay together, visiting each other on the weekends
>and going on trips all over Japan. But eventually the pressure of finals
caught up to the both of them, and they eventually stopped

seeing each
>other to study. And after that it was not all that surprising to
find out
that started to date other people. For all intents a
purposes that part of
>life was over for Himeko, she had grown up.

> Again she stared into the eyes of Pokota who seemed more and
more
eager to talk to her, which was rather impossible for an
inanimate object
>to do. She wondered why she kept the old doll and the ribbon
around.
Perhaps it was to remember Daichi and the times they had
together. But
>that wasn't the reason really, since the two of them had met a
couple of
times over the last few years. They had since become
friends, and have
>even shown each other their respective dates thought they were
often
doomed to failure. Of course there was no talk of them
getting back
>together. They were just friends weren't they. After all she had
grown up.

> Pokota seemed to increase his glare at Himeko when she
thought
that. It almost looked like it was going to leap out at
her if she didn't
>talk to it. But it couldn't talk could it, nothing that was
inanimate could
talk to anyone. It just simply couldn't happen,
could it. She sighed, the
>memories still vivid of her changing into other people which was
just her
imagination. But then she did change into other people
when she went on
>stage an acted. She did it every night, and she did it so well that
it
became her job. A job so important that she didn't need to
think of
>childish things, that she didn't have a chance to win back Daichi.
That
there really was an Erika out there, looking at her through a
crystal ball
>and sharing her tragedies with her along with her success. That
couldn't
happen...
>
 But they we're vivid in her mind, memories that seemed to
flood.
>Memories that stopped her from giving Pokota to Yumeko when she went
to
university. Sure she kept it in a box for the first year, but
she just
>couldn't bear to part with it. Perhaps it could comfort her when
she
needed it, and it seemed to do it when ever she struggled
through tests or
>assignments (though it still puzzled her as to why she brought it
out of
it's box at times like that...). It was her friend, her
best friend
>sometimes...And even though it couldn't talk...

> If it could talk though they would still be friends
Himeko
smiled. Perhaps they could share some of the hurt she had,
the fact that
>she really never got over Daichi. The fact that when ever she met
him she
always wondered if they could get together again. But that
was an immature
>thought, and she had to grow up. She had to get over Daichi. And
that
meant giving up all thoughts of him, and all of these
fantasies about
>magic. They where immature, weren't they.

> Again Pokota glared at her, this boring deep into the sole
of
Himeko. She had changed, she was no longer a young tomBoy, she

was full
>grown woman. Yet still, those feeling nagged at her. She was a grown
up
now. She couldn't stay in the past, she had to move on. She had
to give up
>her childish things. But what was childish, she thought to herself.
It was
imagining things like the magic kingdom and brooms wasn't
it? Or maybe it
>was something more, maybe it was dedication to her friends. Maybe it
was
just believing to something and sticking to it.
>
 Slowly she made her way over to the ribbon, all the while

>thinking that grown up really shouldn't think dolls could talk.
They
weren't human, or intelligent. But then a grown up shouldn't
just abandon
>a friend. And Pokota was her friend, he was their through thick
and
thin...He was with her always. Holding back a tear, she slowly
put the
>ribbon on and waited to see what happened. When nothing did, she
slowly
walked back to the bed and just lay there. It was all just
a dream, wasn't
>it.

> "Hime-chan?"

> "Pokota!?! "

> "HIME-CHAN!!!"

> It was real, Himeko cried as she ran over to hug her friend.
The
tears of the past few years. At last they could be reuniated
because she
>had over come her stubbornness, a stubbornness that nearly cost a
friendship.
"Pokota, I have to make a phone call, Okay...Well talk
after that."
>Hime-chan smiled as she placed the lion down.

> "But to whom?"

> "An old friend, and hopefully a future friend," Hime-chan
grinned
as she left the room. "But first, let's do what we used to
do to cheer our
>selves up?"

> "Really!!!"

> "Yup, Let's do it...Ike, Ike, Go go JUMP!!!" Himeko yelled as
she
jumped in the air, finally growing up after all these years..

>
The End...
>
C&C always welcome...
>
Ja ne!!
>
Richard Beaubien
>-----
Matsunaga Mikage "Chemistry Forever!!!"

>
Fanfic homepage <http://www.anime.usacomputers.net/~beaubird>

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